Separate Instructions for **Every Man Who Goes Out** Between the Lines

LISTENING IN ON HUN TALK

Milwaukee Soldier Acts as Interpreter When German Wagon **Driver Voices Complaint**

NO SINECURE FOR OFFICERS

Captain, If He's Lucky, Sometime Gets a Chance to Sleep Two Hours a Day

IEditorial Note.—Mr. Junius B. Wood, to look for signs of gas as vigilantly as correspondent of the Chicago Daily for enemy snipers.

"Watch for gas. The wind seems week in the sector held by the American Army northwest of Toul. He lived the life of a doughboy, slept a little and the life of a doughoot, sept a fitter and saw a lot. He spent his days in and near the front line and some of his nights in No Man's Land. Here is the second and concluding instaluent of his story (told by days), depicting life at the front as it actually is. The first instalment was published in last week's issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

By JUNIUS B. WOOD Correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News with the A.E.F.

fied of your starting and what time you expect to return? he asked a moment later.

"Word is being sent along now," said the lieutenant. A solenn faced sergeant sitting on the little bunk beside the lieutenant nodded corroboration. Twelve hours earlier I had seen the isame sergeant herding a squad of men into a dugout for sheltered eating. Starting a patrol is a ticklish, serious proposition. A little group of men sin out and away, not notifying anybody. A messenger whispers to every sentry along the line how many men are going, when they are starting, the spot in the time of their return, and the time of their return. Seeing shadowy forms stealing through No Man's Land in the haze and the light of a harvest moon and not knowing that it is their own patrol is liable to cause half a dozen automatic rifles to turn loose. Instantly, the forbidden strip is as light as day in the glare of rockets, both sides shooting, with disastrous effect to the patrol. "Through the entire night there is

shooting, the entire night there is worry and a constant strain until the last patrol has safely returned," said the captain as the party left.

Joys of a Captain's Life

A captain's life seems to be a constant patrol of the maze of trenches that his company is occupying. At night it is a continuous circuit, talking to lieutenants commanding platoons, cautioning and encouraging the men. By day it is the same tiresome tramp, watching working parties, suggesting changes, strengthening the line. If no extra reports are to be prepared, he is permitted to sleep between two and four in the afternoon.

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Such a strain is the chief reason why the same outfit is seldom in the trenches longer than a week before being relieved. There is neither hot nor cold water, a basin of muddy water for shaving being the nearest one assally gets to washing one's face. Undressing usually consists of removing one's rubber hoots and steel helmet for the few minutes one is able to sleep. The Sam Browne belt is not worn in the trenches, while most officers further detract from their appearance by clipping their hair close to their heads, unaking them resemble overgrown English walnuts.

Most dugouts would give hysterics to a sanitary housing expert. It is a pluse of warfare which would not lend itself to picture painting. One capitain's dugout. I visited was so low that only his helmet prevented him from fracturing his skull when he stood up. Rats splashed through three inches of stagnant water under the rough slatted floors. In honor of visitors, two candles were lighted instead of one feeble light.

The room was so narrow that one person only could stand between the shelf-table and the tier of two bunks. When another wanted to pass it was necessary for the first one to perch on one of the bunks. The lower bunk, on this night, was wet, so four of us took turns sleeping in the upper berth.

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Dirt Least of Their Worries

"We pump out the dugout each day and will be able to keep the water below the floor until it rains," said the captain. "We don't bother about dirt or being crowded. Three of us live here all the time."

It was close to six o'clock in the morning and the captain was busy poring over maps when a soldier rapped at the door, crawled through the curtain and came inside. As the faint candle rays struck him. I rubbed my eyes to see whether I was awake, dreaming, or at a ministrel show. The man's face was blackened in the approved style.

"Our party has returned. It is the last one back," reported the soldier. "Some men black their feece by rubbing in mud." explained the captain, "so they won't shine in the moonlight when they go raiding."

I was sitting on a little charcoal stove in which the fire was out. Twenty-two hours' tramping through the trenches makes a person drowsy.

"We'll have supper at eight o'clock this morning," was the last thing I heard the captain say as I dozed off.

A Life-and-Death Weather Vane

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A Life-and-Death Weather Vane

WEDNESDAY—The last thing I heard today as I left battalion headquarters and started for my residence in the front line trench was the warning of the surgeon. "have both gas masks ready for instant use."

His little dugout, a field dressing station, equipped as a bomb and gas proof chamber, was constantly ready to receive gas victims and administer antidores and neutralizing gases.

On the groups of the front trench before every post command is a weather vane a whittled, thin board which shows whether the wind is favorable for carrying the stifling mist from the enemy trenches. Each platoon has a gas sentry who hourly, night and day, re-

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1918

Sure, the harp and shamrock lead the van on every battlefield. The blackthorn stick is ample cause for Prussian foes, to yield; The fasts of sturdy Irish lads up front have paved the way For victory—so honor them on this St. Patrick's day!

Those modern missionaries well uphold St. Patrick's fame-From reveille to taps at night they're always in the game; The unbelieving Booles are converted once for all When on their heads the weapons of the Irish 'gin to fall!

The "fighting race" has proved its steel in this our A.E.F.—
To wheedlings of the pacifists its members all are deaf;
They never sprang from anyone, but always at their thousand
In any sort of scrimmage they will make the House the goals!

St. Patrick's job was driving snakes and other reptiles and So, in St. Patrick's manner, watch the Irish put to rout
The Tenton snakes and reptiles who would poison all the world
With tyranny, wherever German standards are unfurled.

Then success attend the Irish who Columbia's cause uphold! As scrappers leal and loyal, they are worth their weight in gold; Their cheery wit and songfulness drive all the blues away—Turn out, salute Ould Erin on this war-time "Patrick's day"!

the direction of the wind and patrols the trenches, carrying a klaxon under his arm ready to sound an instant Men of the post are instructed

changing. It may be favorable for the enemy in an hour," was the last order the lieutenant in command of the pla-

the lieutenant in command of the platoon gave the sergeant as we climbed out of the trenches for a patrol along the German wire.

We little anticipated then what a vital bearing the things we discovered in the next hour would have on a German surprise gas attack three days later.

On making a pairol, a knitted wool casue takes the place of the steel helmot. The latter is liable to rattle against the barbed wire and bring a fusilade of builets from the automatic rides of the enemy.

Instructions for Every Man

Instructions for Every Man

Each man in our party had a definite position and definite instructions as to what to do in case of an alarm. Everyone except the lieutenant was armed with an automatic revolver and four greundes. The lieutenant carried a rocket pistol and Very light cartradges. ready to fire a signal calling for a barrage if we were attacked. We were not insured against a failure to return, but it was some satisfaction to know that a bank of batteries was standing on a hill behind us ready to hurl several thousand dollars worth of shells if the Germans shot at any of us.

"Follow one at a time so we won't be outlined against the skyline," said the lieutenant, crawling over the parapet.

We worked our way through our own belt of barbed wire, scraping the backs of our leather jerkins, but the wind drowned the rattle of the loose strands.

"Be careful you don't bit unexploded greandes. There are lots of them out here," said the lieutenant, as we crawled across No Man's Land. The forbidden strip was pitted with shell holes—some of them old ones filled with water with a coating of thin ice, others exposing fresh earth. In the frosty haze, objects stood out ghostlike under a full moon.

"Saw a flash in that direction." whispered a soldier. "It's a stump. There may be a sniper behind it. We found it list night."

"We'll wait a couple of minutes," said the lieutenant.

Slow 200-Yard Journey

Slow 200-Yard Journey
It seemed an hour. Everybody strained his eyes toward the faint speck in the distance, but there was no other flash, and we resumed our crawling. Our destination, the German wire, was finally reached. It was a slow journey over the 200-yard strip.

In the silent night at that point the sounds of the enemy working carried to our enes. We heard the rattle of tin, as if being unloaded from a wagen, the ring of metal, as if pipe was being moved. Snatches of conversation in German were easily heard. What seemed to be pipes were German miniaenverfors which later hurled at us deadly gas projectiles. We then heard the creak of the wagons being driven away, and for a few moments there was silence. Then came the rattle of another wagon approaching heavily loaded and a German driver vigorously complaining.

"He says, This horse is no good, the other pulls all the load," translated a soldier of our party halling from Milwankee.

"If they threw a nickel firecracker behind Bill he'd tear down the side of the trench getting back." said one. referring to one of the guards.
"The Germans have wires charged with electricity in front of their trenches," said to other.
"Sure, an American officer went over and tapped it and now has electric lights in his dugout!" affirmed his companion. Somebody in the next sector wasted a Very light, which soared in our direction, showing up our party like a search, light. There were strong remarks under breath from all. The light sputtered into darkness and the wiring was resumed.
"It's getting daylight, now and we'll go back," finally said the licitemant.
"I'd rather be out here taking a chance than standing around in the trench," was the way one youngster summed up the American soldier's eagerness to get busy as he crawled back into the trenches.

WELL, THEY DO!

parole.
Mone.
Nope.
Nunn.—Nashville!
Right.
Good work! I just guessed!

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Sentry: Halt! Who's there? Voice in the Dark: Mc. Sentry: Who in hell's me? V.I.D.: George: Sentry: George who?

Sentry : V.I.D. :

How to Get Free Light

soldier of our party hailing from Mil-wankee.
Further comments of the German transport service were drowned in the rattle of more fron being unloaded. It was evidently the last load, for all was silent after the team with its one slacker-horse creaked away. Dawn was not far away as we started our slow journey back, still protected by the shades of night.

Spiner Starts Something

YANKEES HELP HONOR FRANCE'S WAR HEROES

Ceremony First of Kind at Which United States Is Represented

MUSIC BY AMERICAN BAND

Men From Pacific Coast Have Part in Impressive Exercises at Bestowal of Medals

Symbolizing the sisterhood of France and the United States, American Army officers and men participated in the formal decoration of the latest little group of French soldiers to win official recognition for work upon the battle field. The ceremony, the first of its kind the trenches ceased, being replaced by only a waist high camouflaged side and at which the United States was repre sented, was held recently at a city in western France where American Army a duckboard path.
"We'll go around through the wood,"
said the major. Uprooted trees, birch
saplings cut as smoothly as by an axe, units from the Pacific coast are sta-

Thirteen officers received the Croix de la Legion d'Honneur. 40 men were decorated with the Medaille Militaire, 87 were awarded the Croix de Gaurre, and several medals were bestowed upon the widows and children of men who could not receive them in person, men who have made the great sacrifice for their country.

The ceremony took place in the central plaza of the city, the men to be decorated being grouped at the base of a famous statue with an American guard of honor on one side and a French on the other. At the last minute ambulances appeared bearing convalescent wounded who were to receive decorations.

said the major. Uprooted trees, birch saplings cut as smoothly as by an axe, branches which never would bud again, all ent off by German shells, strewed our path. Sitting in the door of a dugout in the woods were two soldiers, mere boys, cleaning automatic revolvers.

"Shelled our woods about an hour ago and got one of our fellows, I guess, but we'll even it up," said one with a grim smile. It all went to make a quiet day.

At last, daylight, with the boom of the big guns, censed, and the rat-art of the automatic rifle in the hands of the sniper stalking his human proy under cover of darkness, took its place.

"Swanson says he saw the flash of a sniper's rifle against our wire," the lieutenant informed his first sergeant as we entered a gas sentry's dugout that evening to warm our fingers. Since the lieutenant had left his own dugout a shell had caved in the entrance and it was no longer habitable.

"He's always hearing or seeing something. Next he will be reporting that he heard the Germans municuring their finger mails in their trenches," declared the sergeant.

Flags Fly Together

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"Don't get careless." cautioned the lieutenant. "I'n going out now to inspect the outer belt of our barbed wire. Get two men to accompany us."

A few minutes lafer we crawled over the top and worked our way through successive mazes of wire entanglements in No Man's Land. Shells daily tear gaps in the wire and constant repairing at high is necessary.

As we went out, the sergeant in the trench sood with a Very light, pistol in bis hand, ready to send up a colored rocket calling for a barrage should any action start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we moved, cronchylation start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we moved, cronchylation start. As we moved, cronchylation start, as we man in, article section to serve in an African required by a brain special by the first both legs: Private Leonichylation, and the section of the section to serve in an attack in his particular special proportion, and the section to serve in an attack in his particular special proportion to serve in an attack in his particular special proportion to continue the section of the section to serve in an attack in h

3 Ruc de Castiglione, PARI

reinforced: Private Jean Sore held an exposed post for 48 hours. And so it was down the entire list.

After the presentation of medals, the men decorated were the guests at a reception in an American Y.M.C.A. The French general delivered an address from the balcony, first in English and then in French and the American brigadier-general responded, his words being repeated in French by an interpreter James Perry, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. who was host at the reception, spoke in French, telling the men that they had brought the day of liberty closer.

JUST BEFORE TAPS

"Where's my hat?"
"This shavin' in cold water——"
"What'd the Top say?"
"Hey, shut that door!"
Z-z-zwunk.
"Well, for the lova Mike, did you know

er, too?"
"Hit me casy."
"These French Janes are all right,

"Say, I gotta get that but."
"That guy, why he used to be a ribbor Z-Z-zwank.
"Say, quit shakin' this bed, will yuh?"
"Hey, whaddayuh tink dis place is, a

"Take it, that makes 22."
"Don't know how they get away with

"I'd like to know where that —— hat s, anyhow."
"How long to taps?"
"An' I says, 'Parlez-vous?"
"Say, how da yuh spell 'trajectory?"
"Oh, did yon get one, too?"
"How'd you like to be walking up old trond—"

"My boh-h-hnie lies over the och-hun!"

ZZ-z-z-wango.
"Say, if I don't find that hat, how am I—

"Say ont!"

CAMP

"Lights out!"
"Just one more land FRMAN
"And I suys
"Hire a hall!"
Zzzzzuggk-wzz LBRARY

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